

THE Saturday Magazine.

No 332.

SEPTEMBER

2ND, 1837.

{ PRICE
ONE PENNY.

NATIONAL STATUES. No. VIII. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



This famous composer was born at Halle, in the duchy of Magdeburgh, in February, 1684, his father being a physician of that town, and upwards of sixty, at that time. Like most distinguished musical proficient, Handel discovered a very early passion for the art. In mere childhood, as was the case with Haydn, he began to show his talent in this way: and as old Handel did not choose that civil law, for the pursuit of which he intended his son, should have

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music for a rival, he forbade his touching musical instruments of any kind; but our young enthusiast managed to get a small clavichord* privately conveyed to a room at the top of the house, with which he amused himself, whilst the family were asleep.

A circumstance occurred to him, when under seven years of age, in which may be traced the opening of

* An instrument of the piano-forte species, resembling that which was long known in this country under the name of a spinet.

his path to fame. The boon was at length "granted, which his sire denied." At this period he accompanied his father to the Duke of Saxe Weisenfels, where more indulgence in music was permitted him, or, rather, not prevented. One day, while the boy was playing on the organ, the service being over, the duke, who was in the church, felt much affected at the music, and inquired of his valet, Who was playing the organ? "Sir," was the answer, "it is my brother;" for the valet was half-brother to Handel. From that moment his genius, which had been kept below its proper standard, began to rise. At the instance of the Duke, the old doctor gave up the idea of civil law, and placed his son under a clever master, named Zackau, organist to the cathedral of Halle. Between the years of seven and nine, this prodigy of a boy was frequently employed to fill the principal's place, in his tutor's absence. At nine, he composed portions of the church services for voices and instruments, and soon far surpassed his master, who was very fond of him, and (rare admission!) cheerfully acknowledged his superiority. In 1698, he was sent to Berlin, where the opera was in high vogue under the auspices of the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia. Such talents as Handel's could not long remain hid from a sovereign who piqued himself on his taste in music, and on the encouragement he afforded to merit in that line. He accordingly noticed and rewarded him, offering him, moreover, opportunities of a visit to Italy, and further advantages, which, however, his father, apparently from a spirit of independence, thought fit to decline.

At Hamburg, where we next find him performing, and assisting his widowed mother by his gains, (his father having died a short time before,) an event occurred, which, arising out of professional jealousy, threatened his life, and appeared likely to have robbed the world of his talents. A young man, named Mattheson, previously his friend, but whom he had vanquished in a trial of musical skill, and who had been accordingly deprived of the chief prize, having challenged him to fight, struck at him with a sword, which, instead of inflicting a mortal wound, and piercing his heart, most luckily broke against a music-book, placed by chance in his bosom! In a few days, we are told, the combatants were greater friends than ever.

"Almeria," Handel's first opera, was composed when he was only fourteen, and had such success, that it ran thirty nights successively. He soon afterwards travelled to Italy, and at Florence produced his opera of "Rodrigo." Proceeding to Venice and Rome, he was everywhere received with marked courtesy and attention.

He stayed six years in Italy, where he became acquainted with the great Corelli, wrote and performed a great deal of music, and resisted several attempts which were made to convert him to popery, saying, He was resolved to die a member of that protestant communion in which he had been born and bred, and which he approved.

On his return to his native country, he went to Hanover: and the connexion of the Hanoverian court with that of London made him think of a visit to England. Having, therefore, first gone to Halle, to see his aged mother, he embarked for this country, where he arrived in 1710. The Elector of Hanover, afterwards King George the First, had just fixed a pension upon him, which he accepted, on its being understood as not stopping him in his plans with regard to England.

It is remarkable that his first musical effort upon coming to our shores, where his name was destined

to stand so high, was met with a sneer from the tasteful Addison. In the fifth number of the *Spectator*, that elegant writer ridicules Handel's opera of *Rinaldo*, observing, that the poet who composed the words, (Aaron Hill, then manager of the theatre in the Haymarket,) "calls Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and acquaints the public that he composed this opera in a fortnight." The opera of *Rinaldo*, however, became a great favourite, and not only paved the way to future exertions, but led to many intreaties from high quarters, that the author of it would settle in England. This he declined doing, out of respect to his benefactor, the Elector of Hanover, to whose court he returned; though after two years we find him again in England, writing operas, and composing a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* for Queen Anne. These were performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, Her Majesty being present.

On this queen's death, and the accession of George the First in 1714, Handel suffered the loss of court favour, on account of his long absence from Hanover, and the application of his talents to celebrating, in the *Te Deum*, a cause which was at variance with the king's politics. This storm, however, blew over in a pleasant manner, well worth recording, which we will give in the words of HOGARTH'S *Musical History*.

To avert the king's displeasure, Handel's old patron, Baron Kilmansegge, contrived an expedient which does much credit to his friendship and good-nature. Having arranged a party of pleasure on the Thames, and prevailed on the king to join it, he advised Handel to prepare some music for the occasion. Handel accordingly composed his celebrated "Water Music," a piece composed for wind-instruments, and calculated to produce a very pleasing effect, when performed on the water. This was performed in a barge which followed the king, who, charmed with its beauty, asked the name of the composer. The baron then said, that it was the production of a faithful servant of his majesty, who, conscious of the offence he had given, durst not approach the royal presence until he had received forgiveness. The intercession was effectual; Handel was restored to favour, of which he received substantial tokens, &c.

From this period until his death, he made England his abode, labouring zealously at his profession, and engaging in those painful struggles which spring from rivalry in fame on the one hand, and from ill-health, the result of unwearied toil, on the other. While the popular singer Farinelli delighted the audiences, and Porpora, the fashionable composer of the day, achieved his triumphs, Handel appears to have been less esteemed than he deserved to be. He was the subject of a compliment, indeed, by Pope, who, with reference to his power of wielding the strength of a vast orchestra, remarks—

..... Lo! giant Handel stands

Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands;

but was ridiculed by Swift, that profane wit, who says, in contrasting him with one of his antagonists for public applause,—

Strange, that such difference should be

'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

It would be painful, as well as unsuitable to the object of our present paper, to trace this great man through all the difficulties which he shared, in common with many persons of genius at that time. It is sufficient to state, on this head, that being worn down with pain of mind and body, and having had a paralytic seizure, he retired for a while to Tunbridge, and from thence to Aix-la-Chapelle. The waters of that place so far restored him, that in 1737 he returned to London in full strength, and at once devoted his talents to that solemn species of composition, on which his fame is chiefly built. It is melancholy, however, to learn, that the Oratorios of *Saul*, *Israel in Egypt*, and even the *Messiah*, failed to

produce that effect, on their first appearance, which their surpassing beauty might seem to have ensured. It is a circumstance which can only be attributed to the virulence of a party concerned with the Italian Opera, which had been raised against him, and which soon drove him to Ireland. After a time he again tried his success with an English audience, but soon became a bankrupt, in consequence of the expenses attendant on the preparation of oratorios, which were often performed to almost empty benches: yet King George the Second, like his father, continued to support and admire him; and it is well known, that the good old king, George the Third, who had a taste for what was really excellent in music, always preferred Handel's compositions to every other. The encouragement which his Majesty gave to the *Commemoration of Handel*, in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, and the interest which he took in that celebrated festival, may be mentioned in proof of this. His peculiar approval of a portion of the performance was expressed in a manner very gratifying to the thousands of his subjects who were present. On the first day, after that sublime chorus, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" the king expressed to Lord Sandwich his desire to have it repeated, which was intimated to the orchestra by the waving of his lordship's wand. When this same chorus was executed, on one of the following days, his Majesty gave the signal himself, by a gentle movement of his right hand, which held the printed words of the oratorio. An account of the Commemoration was published at the time, in quarto. The profits of the festival were applied to charitable objects.

In his latter years Handel became blind; and it must have been an affecting thing to see him, at upwards of seventy years of age, led to the organ, and then brought forward to bow to the assembly. Even under the weight of years, and the deprivation of sight, he continued to play with amazing force and imagination. During the performance of his moving air of *Total Eclipse*, in the Oratorio of Samson, he was always observed to be much agitated.

"The character of Handel," says Mr. Hogarth, "in all its great features, was exalted and amiable. Throughout his life he had a deep sense of religion. He used to express the great delight he felt in setting to music the most sublime passages of Holy Writ; and the habitual study of the Scriptures had a constant influence on his sentiments and conduct. For the last two or three years of his life, he regularly attended divine service in his parish church of St. George, Hanover-square, where his looks and gestures indicated the fervour of his devotion."

He died, unmarried, in April, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Over his remains is a monument by Roubiliac, in which he is represented holding a scroll, inscribed with the words, "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH," and with notes to these words as they appear in his own oratorio of the MESSIAH.

Having said as much as our limits allow, on the personal history of Handel, though far less than the subject itself might warrant, we cannot omit noticing some circumstances respecting the monument itself, which is here classed among our NATIONAL STATUES, and an affecting anecdote of the distinguished artist who produced it. The fact, as stated in the *Family Library*, forms an appropriate supplement to the biography above; being one of the many cases which might be quoted of the calamities of men who have earned their eminence at a vast sacrifice.

"The first of ROUBILIAC's performances was a statue of HANDEL, for Vauxhall; the last work which he executed was the monument for the same person in Westminster Abbey: he did not long survive its erection. He had

grown old; had obtained fame and distinction; but the world had not otherwise smiled: and he saw, when it was too late, that he had neglected his fortune for what was soon to be to him as a shadow. His death, I am grieved to add, was hastened by his custom of labouring with his chisel late in the evenings, after all his workmen had retired. This enthusiastic, I ought, perhaps, to say, this necessary diligence of the old man, was imputed by those unacquainted with the unfortunate condition of his affairs, to a sordid desire of gain,—a meanness which seldom belongs to one with so large a share of poetry in his soul, and which, at all events, was wholly alien to the nature of Roubiliac. The man who modelled and carved marble statues for three hundred guineas, was not likely to grow rich; nor when more liberal customers appeared, did he seek wealth by sparing labour. On all his works there is a visible carefulness of finish which has been more commended than followed. Those who are desirous of eminence in the difficult art of working marble till it looks like human flesh and raiment, would do well to study the heads and the draperies of Roubiliac. He was born about 1695, died in 1762, and was buried in the neighbourhood of his residence, in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields."

M.

SIN.—There are two kinds of sin; one is born of poverty, the other of excess. The sins of poverty and want are servile and timid. When a poor man steals, he hides himself, he trembles when he is discovered: he would not dare to vindicate his crime, too happy if he can evade its consequences, by shrouding himself in darkness and concealment. But the sins of abundance are proud and bold: they defy censure, they are indignant at it, and do not want for flatterers to approve and encourage them.—ST. AUGUSTINE—*Book of the Fathers*.

LET it not suffice us to be book-learned, to read what others have written, but let us ourselves examine things as we have opportunity, and converse with nature as well as books. Let us endeavour to promote and increase this knowledge, and make new discoveries, not so much distrusting our own parts, or despairing of our own abilities, as to think that our industry can add nothing to the invention of our ancestors, or correct any of their mistakes. Let us not think that the bounds of science are fixed like Hercules' pillars, and inscribed with a *ne plus ultra*. Let us not think we have done, when we have learnt what they have delivered to us. The treasures of nature are inexhaustible. Here is employment enough for the vastest parts, the most indefatigable industries, the happiest opportunities, the most prolix and undisturbed vacancies. Seneca hath said, "The people of the next age shall know many things unknown to us; many are reserved for ages then to come, when we shall be quite forgotten,—no memory of us remaining. The world would be a pitiful small thing indeed, if it did not contain enough for the inquiries of the whole world." And, again, "Much work still remains, and much will remain; neither to him that shall be born after a thousand ages, will matter be wanting for new additions to what hath already been invented." Much might be done would we but endeavour, and nothing is insuperable to pains and patience. A new study, at first, seems very vast, intricate, and difficult; but, after a little resolution and progress, after a man becomes a little acquainted with it, his understanding is wonderfully cleared up and enlarged, the difficulties vanish, and the thing grows easy and familiar. And, for our encouragement in this study, observe what the Psalmist saith, *The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein*, which though it be principally spoken of the works of Providence, yet may as well be verified of the works of creation.—RAY.

HATH any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—QUARLES.

It is incumbent on every one, to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out, for his companions in life.—SEED.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.—

SHAKESPEARE.

EASY LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

No. IV.

PROPHECIES.

BUT these Old Testament Scriptures are, in some respects, more instructive to *us*, even than to the persons who lived in the Apostle's time, on account of the more complete fulfilment of some of the prophecies that has since taken place.

In the times of the Apostles, the religion of Jesus Christ was indeed spreading very rapidly, both among Jews and Gentiles; but still it was but a small and obscure portion of either that had embraced it, compared with those who either knew nothing of it, or rejected it with scorn and hatred. Now Jesus is, and has been for many ages, acknowledged as Lord, in all the most civilized portions of the world. His disciples overthrew the religions of all the most powerful and enlightened nations, and produced, without conquest, and without the help of wealth, or of human power, or learning, the most wonderful change that ever was produced in men's opinions, and on the most important point. The number of those who profess Christianity is computed at about two hundred and fifty millions, comprehending all the most civilized nations of the world. And to estimate properly the greatness of the effect produced, we should take into account that there are about one hundred and twenty millions of persons whose religion is so far founded on Christ's, that it could never have existed such as it is, if Christ had never appeared,—I mean the Mahometans; for though these have departed widely from the religion which Jesus taught, and regard Mahomet as a greater prophet than He, yet they acknowledge Jesus as a true prophet, and as the Messiah, or Christ; and profess that their religion is founded on his.

This should be taken into account, because what we are now speaking of is the great and wonderful effect produced,—the extraordinary change brought about in the world by Christ and his Apostles. So great is this effect, that every man, whether believer or unbeliever, if not totally ignorant of history, must allow that Jesus Christ was by far THE MOST IMPORTANT AND EXTRAORDINARY PERSON that ever appeared on earth; and that He effected the most wonderful revolution that ever was effected in the religion of mankind. Yet this wonderful change was made by a person of the Jewish nation,—a nation which was never one of the greatest and most powerful,—never at all equal in the fame of wisdom, and knowledge, and skill in the arts of life, to the Greeks and several other of the ancient nations. And all this was done by a person who was despised and persecuted, and put to a shameful death, by the Jews themselves, his own countrymen. If, therefore, you were to ask any unbeliever in Christianity, "Who was the most wonderful person that ever existed? and who brought about the most extraordinary effect, in the strangest and most wonderful manner?" he could hardly help answering that Jesus of Nazareth was the person.

And then you might ask him to explain how it happened, (supposing our religion to be an invention of man,) that all this had been foretold in the ancient prophecies of the Old Testament; in books which are carefully preserved, and held in high reverence, by the unbelieving Jews at this day.

You may find such prophecies as I am speaking of, in various parts of the Old Testament. As, for instance, it was prophesied that a great blessing to all nations of the earth should spring from the nation that was to descend from Abraham. (Gen. xxii. 18.)

Now, when the descendants of Abraham did

actually become a nation, and did receive through Moses a religion which they held in the highest veneration, they would naturally expect the above prophecy to refer to the extension of that very religion. And any one of them professing to be a prophet, but speaking really as a mere man, would have been sure to confirm that expectation. Yet it was foretold, that the religion which the Israelites had received from Moses, was to give place to a *new* one: as in Jer. xxxi. 31: "Behold the days come [are coming], saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers," &c.

You may find other prophecies to the same effect in Jer. xxxii. 40, and xxxiii. 14; Ezek. xxxvii. 26; Micah iv. 1.

It was prophesied, likewise, that it was not to be by the *whole Jewish nation* that these great effects were to be produced, but by *one particular person* of that nation; and, what is still more remarkable, that this one promised Saviour was to be "despised and rejected" by his own people; as you may read in Isaiah xlv. and xlvii. And yet that He was, though put to death by them, to establish a great and extensive kingdom. For prophecies of these several points, see Isaiah ix. 6; xi. 1, Ezekiel xxxiv. 23.

Now at the time when many of these prophecies were delivered, (which the unbelieving Jews of this day bear witness was six hundred years before the birth of Jesus,) and also at the time when the Gospel was first preached, the Jews were so far from being a great and powerful people, that they had been conquered and brought into subjection to other nations. So that according to all human conjecture, nothing could have been more strange than the delivery of these prophecies, and their fulfilment.

This fulfilment, by the wide spread of Christ's religion among various nations, though it was *expected* by the early Christians, had not been *seen* by them, as it is by *us*. They saw, however, that what Jesus had done and suffered did agree with the prophecies of the Old Testament: that He was born at the time when it had been foretold the Christ was to come, and when the whole Jewish nation were in expectation of his coming:—that He was acknowledged by his enemies to have wrought those miracles which had been prophesied of: "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing," (Isaiah xxxv. 5; Luke vii. 22); that, notwithstanding this, He had been rejected and put to death, as had been foretold; and that his disciples bore witness to his having risen from the dead, agreeably to other prophecies: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (*i. e.*, the grave); neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." (Psalms viii. 10; Acts ii. 27.)

All this led them to conclude, when they examined candidly, that the miracles which they saw were not the work of evil spirits, but that the Gospel did come from God. On the other hand, we, who have not actually seen the miracles which *they* saw, have an advantage over them in seeing such an extraordinary fulfilment of prophecy in what has happened since their time.

CHRISTIANITY is itself full of grace. It is a refiner as well as a purifier of the heart; it imparts correctness of perception, delicacy of sentiment, and all those nicer shades of thought and feeling which constitute elegance of mind. Why, then, should piety and inelegance be associated? or, why should an absence of the graceful characterize religious persons so often, that awkwardness, and even vulgarity, are regarded by many as the usual concomitants of extraordinary seriousness?—Mrs. JOHN SANFORD.

THE DWARF OAK, (*Quercus coccifera*), AND THE KERMES.

IN the neighbourhood of Gajan, a small town near Nismes, in the south of France, is a beautiful valley, devoted to the culture of mulberry-trees. After traversing this rich basin, the traveller enters the melancholy region of the Garrigues, where, having passed the darkened tower of Aigremont, nothing more meets the eye, save gray walls, and a scanty and stunted vegetation. Nevertheless, it is on this barren soil that the flocks find those sweet herbs which give such a peculiar flavour to their flesh and milk; here, also, abound those plants which furnish the French laboratories with their most precious essences, and their chemists with their most valuable drugs; besides, in treading these briers under his feet, the traveller will hardly believe that forests are bending beneath his weight; yes, forests of oak; the dwarf oak; the pretty kermes oak, of which the plate here given is almost of its natural size.



The country people call it *Avaou*, the learned *Quercus coccifera*. All the uncultivated hills of this district are covered with this pretty little shrub, on which lives an insect, the Kermes, *Coccus ilicis*, from which is extracted a more brilliant and durable red than that from the cochineal. The gathering of this insect used to be throughout the department a real employment, which it would not be useless to re-establish. It has been thus described by a naturalist of the last century, Valmont de Bomare.

The female Kermes are more easily found than the males: in their youth they are like little woodlice: they pump out their nourishment by thrusting their proboscis deep into the bark of the tree; they then run with agility; but when the insect has arrived at its full growth, it looks like a little round membranous shell, stuck on to the shrub; it is there that it feeds, moults, lays its eggs, and thus ends its life. The inhabitants of the country, who only gather the Kermes in the proper season, speak of this insect as passing through three different stages; first, towards the beginning of March, the worm is hatched; it

is then smaller than a grain of millet; secondly, during April, it is growing; thirdly, towards the end of May, they find under its belly, eighteen hundred or two thousand little seeds, which they call *freiset*: these are the eggs, which, when hatched, produce as many insects, like that from which they proceeded. These eggs are smaller than poppy-seeds; they are filled with a palish red liquid; when seen through a microscope, they appear to be covered with an endless number of brilliant gold spots; there are white and red eggs; the little ones which come from the white eggs, are of a dirty-white colour, and their backs are flatter than the others: the spots which shine on their bodies are like silver. They scatter themselves over the *ilex*, till, in the following Spring, they settle in the cracks of the stem and branches to lay their eggs. We should observe, that when the Kermes has arrived at its full size, the lower part of its belly rises towards the back, thus forming a cavity, and looking like a half-rolled-up woodlouse. It is in this space that it places its eggs, after which it dies and withers away. This shapeless carcass does not preserve, like the cochineal, the exterior of an insect; its lineaments fade away and disappear; we only perceive a kind of gall-nut, the melancholy cradle of the little unhatched eggs. Hardly are these eggs hatched, when they endeavour to escape from under their mother's skeleton, to seek their food on the *ilex* leaves, not by gnawing them like caterpillars, but by sucking them with their trunk.

Modern naturalists place the Kermes amongst the hemipterous animals, genus *coccineal*, (*Coccus*, Lin.) In their first state, the males are exactly formed like the females; but there is a time when all these creatures experience singular changes. We have just described those which characterize the female, and how her own carcass serves as a nest, and even partly as a nourishment to her little ones; a kind of membranous bag, the female fixes herself for ever to the bark of the oak. The male, after having passed through the state of a nymph, acquires wings, creeps backwards out of his mother's withered skin, and begins immediately to buzz round the shrubs. The female only used to be sought for, as containing a resinous colouring substance, and as possessing medicinal qualities, with which the ancient pharmacopeia enriched its stores. It was then remarked, that the gathering of the Kermes was more or less abundant according to the greater or less degree of mildness during the Winter; they also observed, that the nature of the soil contributed to the size and the brilliancy of the kermes. The women tore off the insect with their nails, before sun-rise; after having taken from it a red pulp or powder, they carefully washed these seeds in wine, and dried them in the sun; being enclosed in little bags, they then became an article of trade. At the present time there is much difficulty in procuring the Kermes.

[From the French, of the Rev. EMILIE FROISSARD.]

Of all the endowments of birds, none is more striking, and ministers more to the pleasure and delight of man, than their varied song. When *the time of the singing birds is come* and the voice of *the turtle is heard in our land*, who can be dead to the goodness which has provided for *all*, such an unbought orchestra, tuning the soul not only to joy, but to mutual good-will; reviving all the best and kindest feelings of our nature; and calming, at least for a time, those that harmonize less with the scene before us. —KIRBY.

AFFECTATION naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavour to supply them with artificial excellence. —JOHNSON.

BEFORE thou reprehend another, take heed thou art not culpable in what thou goest about to reprehend. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers, makes a greater blur. —QUARLES.

FLORA'S PARTY.

LADY FLORA gave cards for a party at tea,
To flowers, buds, and blossoms of every degree;
So from town and from country they thronged at the call,
And strove by their charms to embellish the hall.
First came the exotics, with ornaments rare,
The tall Miss Corchorus, and Cyclamen fair,
Auricula splendid, with jewels new-set,
And gay Polyanthus, the pretty coquette.
The Tulips came flaunting in gaudy array,
With the Hyacinths, bright as the eye of the day;
Dandy Coxcombs and Daffodils, rich and polite,
With their dazzling new vests, and their corsets laced tight;
While the Soldiers in Green, cavalierly attired,
Were all by the ladies extremely admired.
But prudish Miss Lily, with bosom of snow,
Declared that "those gentlemen stared at her so,
It was horribly rude,"—so retired in a fright,
And scarce staid to bid Lady Flora good night.
There were Myrtles and Roses from garden and plain,
And Venus's Fly-Trap they brought in their train,
So the beaux thronged around them, they scarcely knew why,
At the smile of the lip, or the glance of the eye.
Madam Damask complained of her household and care,
That she seldom went out, save to breathe the fresh air,
There were so many young ones and servants to stray,
And the thorns grew so fast, if her eye was away.
"Neighbour Moss-Rose," said she, "you, who live like a queen,
And ne'er wet your fingers, don't know what I mean."
So the notable lady went on with her lay,
Till her auditors yawned, or stole softly awa .
The sweet Misses Woodbine from country and town,
With their brother-in-law, the wild Trumpet, came down,
And Lupine, whose azure eye sparkled with dew,
On Amaranth leaned, the unchanging and true;
While modest Clematis appeared as a bride,
And her husband, the Lilac, ne'er moved from her side.
Though the belles giggled loudly, and said, "'Twas a shame
For a young married chit such attention to claim;
They never attended a rout in their life,
Where a city-bred man ever spoke to his wife."
Miss Peony came in quite late, in a heat,
With the Ice-Plant, new spangled from forehead to feet;
Lobelia, attired like a queen in her pride,
And the Dahlias, with trimmings new furnished and dyed,
And the Blue-bells and Hare-bells, in simple array,
With all their Scotch cousins from highland and brae.
Ragged Robins and Marigolds clustered together,
And gossipped of scandal, the news, and the weather;
What dresses were worn at the wedding so fine
Of sharp Mister Thistle and sweet Columbine;
Of the loves of Sweet William and Lily the prude,
Till the clamours of Babel again seemed renewed.
In a snug little nook sate the Jessamine pale,
And that pure, fragrant Lily, the gem of the vale;
The meek Mountain-Daisy, with delicate crest,
And the Violet, whose eye told the heaven in her breast;
And allured to their group were the wise ones, who bowed
To that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd.
But the proud Crown Imperial, who wept in her heart,
That their modesty gained of such homage a part,
Looked haughtily down on their innocent mien,
And spread out her gown that they might not be seen.
The bright Lady-Slippers and Sweet-Briers agreed
With their slim cousin Aspens a measure to lead;
And sweet 'twas to see their bright footsteps advance,
Like the wing of the breeze through the maze of the dance.
But the Monk's-hood scowled dark, and in utterance low,
Declared "'twas high time for good Christians to go;"
So, folding the cowl round his cynical head,
He took from the sideboard a bumper, and fled.
A song was desired, but each musical flower
Had "taken a cold, and 'twas out of her power;"
Till sufficiently urged, they broke forth in a strain
Of quavers and trills that astonished the train.
Mimosa sat trembling, and said, with a sigh,
"'Twas so fine, she was ready with rapture to die."
And Cactus, the grammar-school tutor, declared,
"It might be with the gamut of Orpheus compared;"
Then moved himself round in a comical way,
To show how the trees once had frisked at the lay.
Yet Nightshade, the metaphysician, complained,
That the nerves of his ears were excessively pained:
"'Twas but seldom he crept from the college," he said,
"And he wished himself safe in his study or bed."

There were pictures, whose splendour illumined the place,
Which Flora had finished with exquisite grace;
She had dipped her free pencil in Nature's pure dyes,
And Aurora retouched with fresh purple the skies.
So the grave connoisseurs hastened near them to draw,
Their knowledge to show, by detecting a flaw.
The Carnation her eye-glass drew forth from her waist,
And pronounced they were "not in good keeping or taste;"
While prim Fleur de Lis, in her robe of French silk,
And magnificent Calla, with mantle like milk,
Of the Louvre recited a wonderful tale,
And said "Guido's rich tints made dame Nature turn pale."
The Snow-drop assented, and ventured to add
His opinion, that "all Nature's colouring was bad;
He had thought so, e'er since a few days he had spent
To study the paintings of Rome, as he went
To visit his uncle Gentiana, who chose
His abode on the Alps, 'mid a palace of snows.
But he took on Mont Blanc such a terrible chill,
That ever since that he'd been pallid and ill."
Half withered Miss Hackmatack bought a new glass,
And thought with her nieces, the Spruces, to pass
But bachelor Holly, who spied her out late,
Destroyed all her plans by a hint at her date.
So she pursed up her mouth, and said tartly, with scorn,
"She could not remember before she was born."
Old Jonquil, the crooked-backed beau, had been told
That a tax would be laid upon bachelors' gold;
So he bought a new coat, and determined to try
The long disused armour of Cupid so sly,
Sought for half-opened buds in their infantine years,
And ogled them all, till they blushed to their ears.
Philosopher Sage on a sofa was prosing,
With dull Doctor Chamomile quietly dozing,
Though the Laurel descanted, with eloquent breath,
Of heroes and battles, of victory and death,
Farmer Sunflower was near, and decidedly spake
Of "the poultry he fed, and the oil he might make;"
For the true-hearted soul deemed a weather-stained face,
And a toil-hardened hand, were no marks of disgrace.
Then he beckoned his nieces to rise from their seat,
The plump Dandelion and Cowslip so neat,
And bade them to "put on their cloaks and away,
For the cocks crowed so loud, 'twas the break o' the day."
—'Twas indeed very late, and the coaches were brought,
For the grave matron flowers of their nurseries thought;
The lustre was dimmed of each drapery rare,
And the lucid young brows looked beclouded with care;
All save the bright Cereus, that belle so divine,
Who joyed through the curtains of midnight to shine.
Now they curtsied and bowed as they moved to the door,
But the Poppy snored loud ere the parting was o'er,
For Night her last candle was snuffing away,
And Flora grew tired, though she begged them to stay;
Exclaimed, "all the watches and clocks were too fast,
And old Time ran in spite, lest her pleasures should last."
But when the last guest went, with daughter and wife,
She vowed she glad "was never so glad in her life;"
Called out to her maids, who with weariness wept,
To "wash up the glasses and cups ere they slept;"
For "Aurora," she said, "with her broad staring eye,
Would be pleased, in the house, some disorder to spy;"
Then sipped some pure honey-dew, fresh from the lawn,
And with Zephyrus hastened to sleep until dawn.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

SKETCHES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

XX.

DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRY IN THE COUNTY OF
CAMDEN

To the north-west of the Cow-Pasture district are the tremendous valleys of Burragorang, through which the Wollondilly River flows, as mentioned in a former paper. The flats on the banks of the river are very fertile, and inhabited by small settlers, who are, as it were, (considering the difficulty of descent into the vale, which is impracticable for a horse that is laden,) shut out from the world. The scenery is remarkably striking and grand, and the bold masses of rock which wall in on every side this romantic gulf of the mountains, as they glitter in the sun with

varied hues, render the scenery quite enchanting. This place used to be a haunt for runaway prisoners, termed Bushrangers, where they have remained in security for a long time together, probably living with, and assisting the settlers in their labours.

The South Road, after crossing the Razor-back Mountain, descends into the settlement of Stone-quarry Creek. There are two or three very good farms in this neighbourhood on either side of the road, and the scenery is sequestered and pleasing. Rich grassy valleys, enclosed by picturesque wooded ridges, which shoot out and terminate in sharp and narrow tongues, open into wide flats, which are partially cultivated. A magistrate is stationed here, and a court held, once or twice every week, and there are huts and cottages scattered about, the habitations of settlers holding small farms, of veteran soldiers, constables, and workmen, and it may be, hereafter, that this place may become the seat of a very respectable inland town. A bush road to Burragorang leaves the Stone-quarry Creek, which after passing the adjoining farms, enters an unbroken forest the whole way. The creek itself, immediately below the bridge, dips into a deep rocky ravine, and, taking an easterly course for a mile or more, joins the Burgo River. About four miles southward from the Stone-quarry Creek, the main-road crosses Myrtle Creek, so called, from that species of shrub predominating on its banks. The wild myrtle of New South Wales is very fragrant, and frequently grows in such thick masses as to form an impenetrable underwood. Its foliage is not dissimilar in appearance to the English myrtle, and equally luxuriant. This creek also joins the Burgo River about a mile and a half to the eastward. The South road then continues for a few miles through an iron-bark forest, over level ground, when it crosses a main branch of the Burgo River.

Nothing can exceed the dreariness of the country through which the road now passes for several miles, until it descends into the Mittagong Flats. The trunks of the trees are, for the most part, perfectly black, from various conflagrations, the soil destitute of grass, and in many places so rotten, that both horses and cattle can only travel with great difficulty off the road, and the ground is strewn with the trunks and branches of rotten, decayed trees. The new road through it is good, and the tediousness of the journey considerably lessened. The whole country eastward, for a distance of more than twenty miles, as far as the mountain coast-range of the Illawarra county, is of a similar character, and intersected by the narrow ravines of the various branches of the Burgo River, which are several hundred feet in almost perpendicular falls.

On the west side of this road, where it descends from a high range into the Mittagong Flats, and at about the distance of twelve miles in a westerly direction, is "*Mount Jellore*," an excellent point in the trigonometrical survey. It is situated on the confines of a very mountainous and broken country, and rises in a cone above the level of the surrounding scenery—high, conspicuous, and alone. It is distinctly seen from any elevation near and about Sydney, from almost every height of the Blue Mountains, and can be distinguished, on a clear day, from a mountain to the northward, called "*Warawolong*" which is more than ninety miles in a direct line, without the aid of a telescope. The view from this commanding station, though so boundless in extent, is nevertheless monotonous in a great degree. Whichever way the eye extends itself, nought is seen but wood—wood—wood! The dark and murky colours of perpetual forests which, according to the distances,

become alternately gray and blue, until the far outline is indistinct, gradually fades away from view, and is wholly lost.

The North Headland of Sydney, and the bold range of coast to the southward of it, appear very distinct, and the country immediately to the west and north of this mountain, being of the wildest character, the scenery of the front-ground is of a melancholy grandeur. You look down and gaze upon the dark gloomy cavities of the neighbouring mountains, and can trace their deep intersections; overhanging rocks falling perpendicularly into impenetrable hollows, until they are lost in the mist of the depth, declare the sweeping violence of a deluge, or the effect of some terrible convulsion.

After descending the range into the Mittagong Flats, the country assumes a different aspect; open forest-land, and the freshness of verdure, again relieves the traveller, and about two miles onward, the road passes Cutler's Inn. Several additional buildings, a large wind-mill built by Mr. Cutler himself, and one or two small farms have recently been established in the neighbourhood. When we were encamped in the neighbourhood, the woods abounded with pigeons and parrots, and kangaroos were also numerous. Our sketch gives the general idea of the style of building of the better sort of road-side inns in the interior of the country, and the residences of many private individuals have adopted a similar mode of construction.

Immediately after leaving this inn, the traveller ascends the Mittagong Range, a difficult ascent for vehicles, especially in wet weather. The road winds round the western termination of the range, which in many places is very stony, and slopes in awkward undulations. It possesses a rich whinstone soil, is clothed with grass, and rather thinly timbered. This range, which is of considerable elevation, extends eastward for the distance of about twenty miles, until it connects with the Illawara Coast Range. There is a bush-road leading to the coast from this neighbourhood, which, after passing the land, enters a most dreary tract until it reaches the coast cliff, where a magnificent view of the boundless ocean and bold extended coast-line, opens upon, and surprises, the wearied traveller.

After crossing the Mittagong Range, the main road descends into a swamp, and continues through level forest-lands to Bong Bong, which is about eleven miles from Cutler's Inn. Here there has been formed for some years a township, and a few houses scattered here and there give the place the appearance of a village. The forest-trees are widely scattered, rich verdure clothes the ground, and many of the flats are pretty and sequestered. A new township was laid out in 1832, about three miles to the westward of Bong Bong, and is called "*Berrima*." This spot is rather peculiarly situated, and when I visited it for the purpose of laying out the form of the streets, the place wore a melancholy aspect. The land around is barren and stony, and the bush black and gloomy. The river Wingecarrabee winds with a long and acute bend around the point fixed upon for the site of the town, through the centre of which the new southern road passes. The bed and banks of the river here are rocky, and likely to afford excellent material for building. A space of ground was allotted for religious purposes on a small rounded hill, and, it may be, that this once-dreary spot now boasts a clergyman with his chapel, government buildings with their officers, that a retailer has erected his shop, and that necessary evil, the publican, his sign and place of accommodation, while labourers and handicraftsmen, so useful in the first establishing

an interior township, have their separate huts and workshops.

This new road avoids many steep and difficult places, which are so frequent on the old road; it is laid out in the best possible line, and under the direction of scientific men. A good line of road to the rich extent of fine country which lies to the southward, and which is so likely to increase in population, must be considered indispensably necessary, where the means of water carriage is utterly impossible.

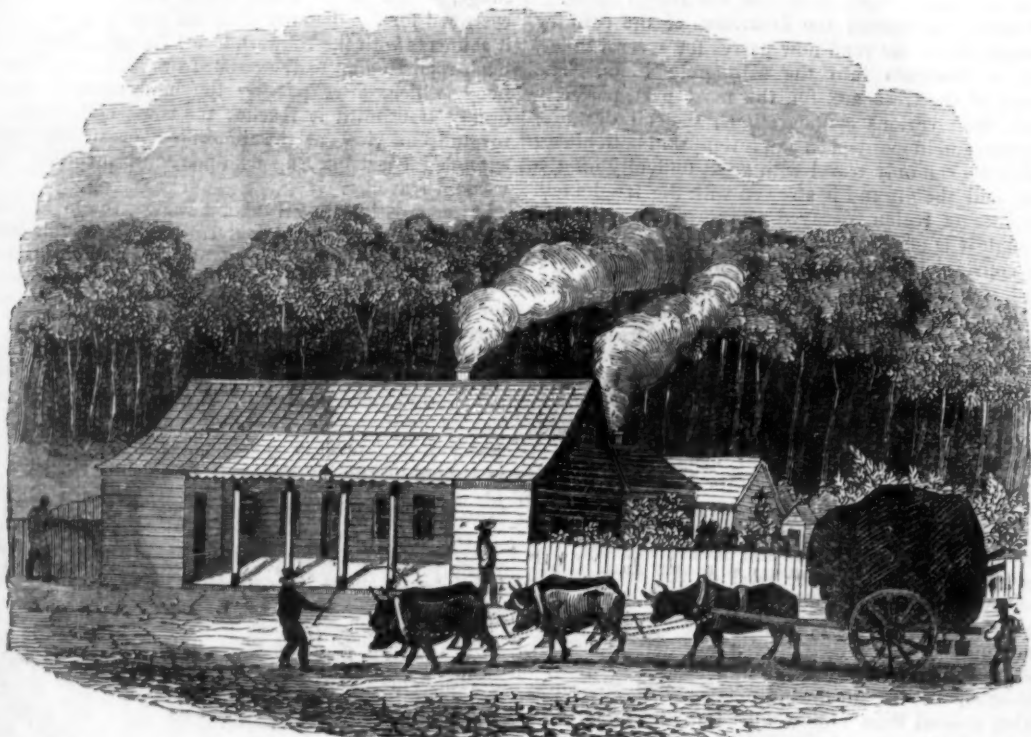
The river Wingecarrabee, after leaving the township of Berrima, soon dips into the mountainous country which characterizes the course of the Wollondilly after its junction with the Cookbundoon river, and after a very tortuous course, through high, narrow, and precipitous tongues of land, which, as it were, "dovetail" into one another in an extraordinary manner, unites with the Wollondilly near the Guineaur creek. The old road from Bong Bong continues for about eleven miles through a good forest country, which has been, in many places, farmed by settlers, and after passing a barren tract of stony ridges of about ten miles in extent, crosses the Wringulla, or Paddy's river, which unites with the Wollondilly about two miles from the crossing place. From Paddy's river the road passes several fine tracts of forest-country, which are all occupied and taken up; and it keeps near to, and often parallel with, the Wollondilly, which it occasionally crosses, until it enters Mulwaree Plains. The scenery on this latter portion of road is varied and beautiful, and the river winding under a high mass of mountain-range, frequently breaks in upon the view with fine effect, and this is the more striking, as during the whole distance from Sydney, which may be about 150 miles,

the traveller is not cheered with the sight of refreshing water, except when in the act of crossing the streams already mentioned. The country both north and south of the Shoal Haven river, is intersected by tremendous gullies, which, from their precipitous and rocky nature, cannot be crossed, and are wild beyond conception. The Illawarra country by the sea-coast bears all the appearance of tropical scenery, and it is chiefly remarkable in the richness of the soil and vegetation. Here the cedar and cabbage-trees flourish in the greatest luxuriance.

The difficulty of travelling through these woods before roads and paths were cut can scarcely be conceived. The innumerable climbing plants which twist together like ropes, and run in all directions among the thick underwood, and rise to the tops of the highest trees, shut out the rays of the sun; nor can these be set aside by merely pushing on, but they can only be cleared, with immense labour, by means of the axe. Besides these obstructions, a species of broad grass, whose edges are very sharp, covers the ground in many places, and forms often an impenetrable jungle.

The value of the fire-timber, however, which abounds upon these rich flats, and the very productive nature of the soil, makes up for the expense and difficulty of clearing the land, and there are now several excellent farms in this district. The want of a good harbour for small vessels on this coast has been a great drawback to the interest of the settlement, and it would be impossible to state what the value of these lands would be, if the coast afforded but a tolerable shelter for small trading vessels, as it has been found impracticable, from the formation of the country, to lay out a good line of road into it.

W. R. G.



CUTLER'S INN, COUNTY OF CAMDEN, NEW SOUTH WALES.